

**THE STAR FOR THE SUMMER.**  
The DAILY STAR will be mailed to persons who may be absent from the city during the summer at the rate of fifty cents per month.

The announcement is now made that Col. Telford, after mature deliberation, has concluded to make the race as a candidate for Probate Judge.

WITHOUT any very definite information on the subject, it is the opinion of the American people that our Consul to Tripoli has succeeded in making himself ridiculous upon a very slight provocation.

The fact that Mr. Kerr has expressed himself as opposed to Tom Scott's Texas-Pacific subsidy scheme, is used against him in his candidacy for the Speakership of the National House of Representatives.

WHILE all the rest of the world is in a whirl of some kind Mexico is unusually quiet and prosperous. The country has not been so free from the banditti and so flourishing in all commercial and social respects for many years.

EVEN the innocent game of croquet can be made to result in a fatal struggle. At Simonsville, Ky., James Conner struck William Cowherd over the head with a mallet so violently that he died from the effects of the blow.

INSURRECTIONS are multiplying. Two new ones reported yesterday. Albania, the Southern neighbor of the Herzegovina, has joined in the revolt against Turkey, and in the Island of San Domingo a revolt has been commenced, and President Baez, who was so anxious to sell out to the United States four years ago, has been proclaimed President by the insurgents.

The editor of the Bridgeton (N. J.) Daily is firmly convinced that the sea-serpent is a reality and not merely a sailor's yarn. Captain Garton, who lives in that cozy little city, has seen the monster, and describes him as being about one hundred feet long, with a head like a lizard, as large around as a fish-barrel, and with eyes about the size of common saucers, protruding an inch from the head. The Captain saw him for six or eight minutes, and called the attention to the object of four other persons who verify the story.

A MEETING was held in London a few days since and resolutions passed protesting against the restrictions on the importation of foreign cattle, and a society was formed to supply live cattle from the United States for the English markets. This is a move in which the stock raisers of this country are directly interested. No country in the world is better adapted for stock raising than the southern and western portion of the United States, and could the present opportunity be seized upon and a recognition of our stock-raising abilities properly urged, the result would be of no inconsiderable benefit to this country. During the past few years the trade in Texas cattle has increased very largely until it has attained an extent greater than is generally supposed. The cattle from Texas and the region south of the Rio Grande are driven north as far as Kansas, and there fitted for the market, after which they are shipped to the Eastern cities for slaughter and sale. During the last year some 450,000 head of Texas cattle were thus put upon the markets of this country. A considerable portion of the beef thus obtained is packed for shipping. These facts, while not relating to the foreign trade or demand, show the ability for stock raising and transportation which this country possesses. The Southern States can grow young cattle at a nominal cost, as they find abundant pasturage at all seasons of the year on the prairies of that country. The railroad lines, which are rapidly extending to the Southwest, will afford transportation, and the new harbor at New Orleans will give opportunity of shipping from these regions at low rates and without serious damage to the stock. England is gradually learning to depend on America for numerous lines of food in large quantities, and there is no reason why this should not be added to the list.

The telegraph announces that the Michigan Central railroad has decided to substitute the Wagner sleeping car for the Pullman, and that the Great Western line will probably follow suit next spring. Commodore Vanderbilt inaugurated a war against the Pullman Car Company last spring and ordered off all the Pullman cars from the New York Central, substituting the Wagner car in their stead. It was generally conceded that the fight between the two contestants, Mr. Vanderbilt on the one side and the Pullman Company on the other, would be one of considerable interest and importance to the traveling public and to the people at large, for with the present low rates and careful management everybody is in some sense a traveler. Thus far Mr. Vanderbilt seems to be gaining the better in the contest. The adoption of the Wagner car on these two lines, added to that of the New York Central, will give a direct line extending half way across the continent, upon which the opposition cars are run, and will thus thoroughly break in upon the monopoly which the Pullman Company has enjoyed. Perhaps no company has had so exclusive a monopoly as has this, and yet been so gratefully received by the public. The railroads have generally complained that, although the public demanded the Pullman car, it, to them,

was rather a burden than otherwise. The cars, it is urged, are very heavy, and thus wear the road more rapidly, and are a much greater load, in proportion to the number carried, than the others, especially as they carry so few in proportion to their size and weight. Especially have the railroad companies complained of this in view of the fact that they have obtained little, if anything, for this additional expense, the Pullman Company collecting its own extra charges, and the railroads being forced by competition into their terms. The sleeping cars, although a somewhat expensive luxury, are one with which many travelers and business men would not willingly dispense. There are few business men who, if they can by the use of a sleeping car make a journey of two or three hundred miles during the night and awake ready for business in the morning, will not consider it a clear saving of several dollars' worth of time above the amount paid for the sleeper, even though the price may appear extravagant. The prospects are, however, that the traveling public will be benefited by the fight made against the Pullman car, as it will open the way for a competition which will secure to all lower prices and better accommodations. Besides the Wagner car there is now manufactured still another sleeping car, said to be superior in many respects and weighing 10,000 pounds less, and costing but about three-fourths as much.

**Mr. Whitehead, the Actress.**  
From the second chapter of Mrs. Kemble's delightful Old Woman's Grip in the September Atlantic, we take the following account of her aunt, Mrs. Whitehead:

Mrs. Whitehead had been for a number of years in the United States, of which then comparatively little known part of the world she used to tell us stories that had her characteristic exaggeration, always received with extreme credulity; but my own experience, subsequent by many years to hers, has corroborated her marvelous histories of flights of birds that almost darkened the sun (i. e., threw a passing shadow as of a cloud upon the ground), and roads with ruts and mudholes in which one's carriage sank up to the axle-trees. She used to tell us anecdotes of General Washington, to whom she had been presented and had often seen (his favorite bespeak was always The School for Scandal); and of Talleyrand, whom she had often met, and invariably called Prince Tallierande. She was once terrified by being followed at evening, in the streets of Philadelphia by a red Indian savage, an adventure which has many times occurred to my mind while traversing at all hours and in all directions the streets of that most peaceful Quaker city, distant now by more than a hundred miles from the nearest red Indian savage.

Congress was sitting in Philadelphia at that time; it was virtually the capital of the newly-made United States, and Mrs. Whitehead held an agreeable and respectable position both in private and in public. I have been assured by persons well qualified to be critics as well as judges, Story, Chief-Justice Kent, and Judge Hopkinson (Moore's friend), that she was an actress of considerable ability.

Perhaps she was; her Kemble name, face, figure, and voice no doubt helped her to produce a certain effect on the stage, but she must have been a very imperfectly educated woman, for I remember her amazing me when I was a child of eleven years, by reading certain passages from Southey's Roderick, in which she made heretics of all Pelayo's followers, invariably calling him Polayere, and did atrocious violence to the language and my ears by reading Astoria, or Astoria, which produced a combination of false history, false geography, and false metre, that together with her emphatic declamation was irresistibly comical.

Nothing could be droller than to see her with Mrs. Siddons, of whom she looked like a clown, badly-dressed, fair imitation. Her vehement gestures and violent outbursts contrasted with her sister's majestic stillness of manner; and when occasionally Mrs. Siddons would interrupt her with "Elizabeth, your wig is on one side," and the other replied "Oh, is it?" and giving the offending head-gear a shove, pushing it back in the other direction, and proceeded with her discourse, Melteme herself used to have recourse to her snuff-box to hide the dawning smile on her face.

**Tunnel Under the English Channel.**

The submarine tunnel between England and France, so long a matter of speculation and engineering criticism, is now about to be put to practical test. The enterprise is one of the boldest ever attempted, and if successful will certainly pave the way to a series of submarine excavations which, to future generations, may prove a means of almost entirely doing away with the dangers of the sea.

The English Channel has ever been regarded as one of the most unpleasant seas in the world; the formation of a tunnel beneath its bed, and the removal of the necessity for enduring its tossing and tumbling waters, will certainly prove a boon to the traveling public for which they are not sufficiently grateful. The opening of such a communication between England and the continent of Europe must also prove, in a commercial point of view, a pure gain to both sides, while the 300,000 travelers now computed to cross the channel every season would doubtless be increased to millions.

A tunnel under twenty miles of stormy sea was certainly a bold dream, even for an age which has bound the continents by electricity. Of its possibility, however, there seems to be but little reason to doubt. The bed of the channel is composed of a smooth, unbroken formation of chalk, and the depth is nowhere greater than one hundred and eighty feet. The success of the experiment depends on the bed being continuous. If it is, as is claimed, a chalk bed of some hundreds of feet in thickness, the driving of a huge bore through it is now a mere matter of time, money and organization. —Inter-Ocean.

**Caste in Guernsey.**  
One modification of the language indicates social castes which are still maintained. If one is a common workman, short of fellow, he is called Jean, "for short"; if a grade better, perhaps with his own cottage and pig, and some self respect, he is addressed as Maître Jean; a small farmer, a couple of cows, and a better position generally, would entitle him to be called, "Sieur Jean Marquand"; he must have comfortable property, and be a man of good standing in his parish, to be called Mess. Marquand; and it takes official dignity of the best social position, to entitle him to be called Monsieur Marquand. Years ago the bailiff was the only "Monsieur" in Guernsey. —Col. Waring, Scribner for September.

## THE NUN AND HARP.

What memory from her pallid face?  
What passion stirred her blood?  
What side of her heart was  
Poured its fire on flood?  
Upon a heart that ceased to beat,  
Long since, with thought that life was sweet,  
When she lay down to rest,  
And the rose burst its bud?

Had not the western glow then,  
When the moonlight came to shed  
Her funeral raiment over her  
A more heart-breaking glow?  
Had not a simple convent maid  
Hung in the doorway, half afraid,  
And into the melody sang:  
Bright with her blush and bloom.

Beneath the glided harp she stood,  
And through the string strings  
Would those warm hands of fabled prayer  
In murmurous preludes,  
Then, like a voice, the harp rang high  
And low, and then the harp rang high  
And low, and then the harp rang high  
And low, and then the harp rang high

Slowly the western ray forebode  
The statue in its shrine,  
A sense of loss thrilled all the air  
And the melody sang:  
Earth seemed a place of graves that rang  
To hollow footsteps, while she sang,  
"Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will not look at thee again."  
—Harriet Prescott Spofford, in Sept. Atlantic.

## The Lost One Restored.

BY PAUL PLUME.

The wind blew furiously, and the rain fell in torrents, when a traveler, one night in July, was traversing a thickly-wooded portion of the country in Missouri. He had ridden all day, and night overtook him and found him lost in what appeared an impenetrable forest. The vines and underbrush grew so thickly that he was compelled to halt, and, dismounting from his beast, sheltered himself as best he could, from the storm. His servant, a young man some eighteen years old, accompanied him, and was very much terrified at the situation in which he found himself, never having been outside the limits of a city until Mr. Randolph had employed him to accompany him on his journey.

Journeys in those days were generally made on horseback, or stages, or railroads, and not then intersected all parts of our country as at the present day.

"John," said Mr. Randolph, "we shall have to remain here until daylight. There is no possibility of finding our way in the darkness."

"I am on the right road," replied John, "we must surely be near the cabin they were told about at the blacksmith's shop."

"I fear," replied Mr. Randolph, "we have lost the road entirely. In fact, I am positive of it. We can do nothing but wait until it becomes light enough for us to resume our way."

While Mr. Randolph was speaking the wind lifted for a few moments, and there came a cry that caused John Glover to start with terror. Mr. Randolph, who was crouched beneath a tree, started to his feet and laid his hand on his pistol. Again the cry broke forth, and Mr. Randolph commanded John to seek in the saddle-bags for a couple of matches.

"Some of the old Indian," supposed said Glover, his teeth chattering with fright.

"No," replied Mr. Randolph, whose practiced ear knew the cries of beasts too well to be deceived. "This is a human voice, and the cry is one of distress."

In a few moments Mr. Randolph had laid out a path, and was proceeding about him with John Glover cautious standing in his rear. "Follow me," he said to Glover, and immediately he pushed his way among the bushes, where he listened for a repetition of the cry.

Once again it came, and it seemed so near to him that he started back and was nearly tripped. Just then a vivid flash of lightning lit up the forest, and he saw something white lying upon the ground, about a dozen yards in his front.

Mr. Randolph darted forward and seized the object, which proved, to his astonishment, to be a female child of some eighteen months old, who was badly injured in the shoulder by some wild animal. He took the little creature to his arms, and carried her back to where the horses were tied.

If Mr. Randolph could have seen John Glover's face, he would have noticed that it was a perplexed look; but it was dark, and he could not observe the expression of the man's countenance.

"What are you going to do with it?" inquired John.

"That thought was crossing my own mind at the moment," replied Mr. Randolph. "I can scarcely imagine. First I must try and discover who has lost a child in this part of the country, and by that means endeavor to find the parents of this poor little creature."

"And suppose you can't find them?" suggested John.

"Then I suppose I shall have to adopt her as my daughter," said Mr. Randolph.

"But you are not married," said John Glover.

"I had never am likely to be," responded Mr. Randolph, upon whose mind came the memory of one he loved who had passed away from earth and left him a lonely man.

"We must not anticipate," he continued. "To-morrow may bring the parents of this child to light."

With a day's start Mr. Randolph found that he had wandered a good way off the road, and the sun was well up ere he gained the cabin at the edge of the forest. It was inhabited by an old hunter by the name of Stubbs. He gave Mr. Randolph a hearty welcome, and was not long in preparing breakfast.

"I never heard of such a thing before," said Stubbs, looking at the child with curiosity. "There's no one living within twenty miles of this place, and I can't imagine how she came in the wood. Old Bill Smoot's cabin is good twenty miles from here, and Dan Neal is ten miles from him, and that's all the people there are, and can hear nothing of anybody who has lost a child. Perhaps she's been lost purposely."

Mr. Randolph looked serious. Such an idea had not before occurred to him, but from the moment he heard the words of the old hunter he mentally vowed that he would adopt the child if her parents were not discovered.

Seventeen years later, and Madge Randolph, as the foundling was denominated, had become the reigning belle of the town of L.

Mr. Randolph had an occasion to make a trip to the State of Dorango, in Mexico, and for that purpose joined a party of traders who were starting from L. and had much experience in Indian fighting; so they left pretty much at ease on that score.

After two weeks' travel beyond

Smoky-hill Fork they came upon a camp of Sioux Indians who had a white woman in bondage. Several of the traders offered to purchase her freedom, but she was the wife of a soldier who refused to listen to any proposition involving her leaving him. The poor creature seemed particularly distressed of entering into conversation with her countrymen, but the Indians rudely thrust her back when she implored to be taken back to civilized life.

That afternoon the Indians broke up their camp and went away westward. The traders had doubled their offers to the Indians, but they would not release their captive. The same night when the traders were in camp, they were suddenly aroused by the sound of approaching horse hoofs coming at a rapid gallop. A few minutes later and the woman whose freedom they had been trying to obtain, sprang from a pony, exclaiming, "For heaven's sake, my countrymen, do not give me up. I have escaped, but I will soon be after me."

The traders instantly held a council. The savages outnumbered them twenty to one; there was no hope of making a successful resistance.

"Some one must fly with the woman back to Independence, and there's not an instant to be lost," cried several voices. "Who will do it?" asked the leader.

No one spoke; the men all had goods upon the train, and could not desert them.

"I have no property at risk," said Mr. Randolph, after a few moments' reflection; "my business is urgent, 'tis true, but I'll take her back, or perish in the attempt."

A few minutes later, and Randolph and the woman were flying as fast as the horses could carry them back to Missouri.

Just before the break of day the Indians appeared at the traders' camp and demanded the woman. They were not to be denied, and Randolph, neither did they know where she was. It was not until the savages made a strict search of the wagons that they were convinced they were on the wrong trail; but their disappointment was so great that they made an attack upon the traders. A smart fight revealed to them that they could obtain no reinforcements, and they desired to capture the train, so they withdrew and left the traders in peace.

After two days' hard riding, Mr. Randolph and the woman reached a post of dragoon soldiers, and were given an escort, who saw them safely to Fort Leavenworth. The following is the story the woman told Mr. Randolph:

"I was born of respectable parents, my father being a farmer in Western Missouri. I was married at an early age, and, after the birth of a daughter, my husband started to go to Independence for the purpose of entering into business, taking the child and myself with him. And after traveling some days, we reached a great forest, and, before we were aware of it, we found ourselves surrounded by a dozen Indians, who had crossed the line on a stealing expedition. They shot my husband before my eyes, and were going to kill my babe, when I begged for its life. One of the savages, who seemed to have some authority, refused to let me have it, and it was left upon the ground to die, while they hurried away, leaving me a captive. The suffering I have endured I would not relate if I could. I was often tempted to destroy myself, but the thought of regaining my freedom, and the hope that some day I might be providentially found, saved my hard when I would have taken my own life."

Such, in brief, was the history given by the poor woman, whose name was Baker.

Mr. Randolph listened with breathless interest to her narrative, and when she concluded, he asked her to tell him the day of the month and year her misfortune occurred. Her reply was prompt. She named the year, and stated that it was upon the 10th of July, the day being Sunday.

"I shall never forget it while I live," she continued. "Life has only been a burden since that day."

Mr. Randolph was satisfied that the mother of his adopted daughter was before him.

With some little circumspection he gave an account of his adventure in the forest, and stated the manner in which the infant he found was dressed. When the woman heard this, she threw herself at Mr. Randolph's feet, and wept tears of gratitude and joy, while she kissed his hands.

Madge Randolph married well, and continued through life to honor and love her adopted father, while she became a comfort and solace to her unfortunate mother. Her husband felt fighting for the Union cause in the rebellion. He left a lucrative practice at the bar to shoulder a musket, and stimulate the young to follow his example.

**Birds' Nest Soup.**  
Of the delicious birds' nest soup eaten in China, everybody has heard, but everybody has not been privileged to partake of that most delectable of all Oriental dainties. The nests are formed of the secretions of a species of swallow, called by naturalists *Hirundo eculeatoria*, because their dwellings are made of mud.

The birds are common on most of the islands of the Indian Archipelago, but their head-quarters are Sumatra, Java, and Borneo. They build their nests over shelving rocks, in places that would seem to be inaccessible to man.

The bird makes its first nest from gelatine produced from its own body, and is a foreign admixture, but when deprived of this, being unable to secrete a sufficient quantity of the gluten for another, he mixes in the second a considerable portion of sticks, feathers, and dried grass, thus rendering the nest far less desirable for edible purposes.

Again, however, the rapacious hunter, laying in wait for his prey, turns out the homeless bird, and tears off the prize; and when, for the third time, the little architect rears his home, it is composed almost entirely of stubble, with the slightest possible admixture of gelatine.

This last nest being comparatively worthless for food, the poor little bird is ordinarily allowed to retain possession, and rears its family without further molestation. The nests are about the size of a small tea-cup, and an eighth of an inch in thickness, weighing scarcely half an ounce each.

The first nests collected are of a pure creamy whiteness, and being readily dried, they are sold in silver dollars. These require little cleansing, only to be dried and packed; but the second gathering must be carefully picked over, and thoroughly washed. The nests thus losing their original lusciousness, the market value is proportionately diminished, and they sell for about eight or ten cents per pound—the poorest as low as six or eight. Even the third nests are occasionally taken, but they bring a mere trifle, and are only used by those whose epicurean tastes exceed the laud of their purses.

Whole streets in Canton are occupied by preparers and vendors of birds' nests; and about a million or a-half of dollars are annually expended by the Chinese in the purchase of this dainty, which, when rendered into soup or jelly, the Celestial regard as the most delectable of food.

The nests are first soaked in water, then boiled to a jelly, and finally, swimming in a rich gravy composed of the expressed juice of the cocoanut with various spices and condiments, they are placed on the table as a rich pulpy mass, and truly delicious. —St. Nicholas for September.

To the best of our recollection, he was an Arkansas clergyman who had been accused of trailing his "true inwardness" in the company of the wrong woman. Under these painful circumstances, his wife was frequently compared to a "noble Roman matron"; but she didn't seem to mind it, and firmly declared her belief in her husband's innocence. When the day of trial arrived, she sat in court beside him, and moved the jury to tears by arranging a fifty-cent bouquet in the buttonhole of his coat. The case was at last opened, and the witnesses for the prosecution called. They were thirty or forty of them, but before making a dozen had testified to a mighty clange over the face of the wife, and, getting right up and addressing her remarks to the bench, she said: "See here, Judge; I'm satisfied if you are, don't mind me; I can stand it. I reckon it into me, Judge, to get even; just hold on to him till called for, and if any woman wants him, he's all hers, and no questions asked." Then, turning to her husband and snatching the floral tokens from his buttonhole, she bitterly exclaimed: "Remember, from this time forward my home's a den of ragin' lions, and you ain't no Daniel!"

"One of the odd industries, the nature and extent of which are comparatively little known, is the manufacture of sandpaper, the amount of which articles annually produced in the United States is estimated at not less than two hundred thousand reams, including the various grades and qualities. Formerly it was made of ordinary brown paper, glue and sand. At present, for the most part, the paper is made of old rags, the best glue is used, and, instead of sand, pulverized quartz or flint. By this means a superior uniform grade, and at so low a price that the use of it has become greatly extended, large quantities being exported to Europe, South America, the Pacific Islands, and elsewhere. For every paper and every cloth, a large demand is created by the finished iron work in steam engine shops, the sewing machine factories, and other similar industries which require them for polishing purposes.

Mr. Edwin Booth still remains at his residence in Cos Cob, Conn., and is recovering from the effects of his injuries, received from being thrown from his carriage. He is required to lie on his back, in which position he will probably have to remain until another week, unless there should be an unfavorable turn in his illness. Dr. Gehl, of Stamford, who is attending Mr. Booth, does not apprehend any further danger, as he has been continually gaining ever since the accident, and thinks that he will be able to go on the stage by the 1st of October. Mrs. Booth, who exerted herself severely in caring for her husband, is suffering from exhaustion and want of rest. —N. Y. Mail.

A committee of the Park-street Church, New York city, are now in correspondence with leading ministers in this country and in Europe for the supply of their pulpit, made vacant by the recent resignation of Rev. W. H. H. Murray. Rev. George H. Hepworth, of Kentucky, will preach there the first Sabbath in September.

Says an exchange: "The misery felt by the woman who couldn't go to the picnic is nothing to that of the one who has been to it."

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**RUPTURE.**  
Death is on the heels of Every Ruptured Person.

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**MEDICAL.**  
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Death is on the heels of Every Ruptured Person.

The above cut represents the Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, former Attorney General of the United States, as seen when attacked with STRANGULATED RUPTURE.

Mr. Dickinson suffered intensely, notwithstanding he had the best surgical aid. Every remedy was done that science could suggest, and as the last remedy the knife was used, yet he died in great anguish on the third day. This is a fearful warning to those who are ruptured.

**RUPTURE—HOW CURED.**  
MR. GEORGE E. EAKINGS, of PHILADELPHIA, writes the following interesting PARTICULARS:

To the Editor of the New York Sun:  
SIR—For several years I was afflicted with rupture and suffered from the use of trusses. Recently noticing in your paper a recommendation of Dr. Sherman of your city, I attended the same time meeting Mr. J. W. Ayres, of Camden, N. J., who informed me that he had been a sufferer from rupture, and was cured by Dr. Sherman's treatment. I felt animated and went straightway to New York, consulted Dr. Sherman, and had him adapt his remedies to my case. It was to me a happy occurrence, and I shall ever feel grateful to you and Dr. Sherman for having directed my attention to Dr. Sherman, as well as to him for the safe and comfortable manner in which he treated my case. My mind was greatly oppressed, and my future was shadowed, as I was trying various trusses for help with no other result than vexation and injury. But now being sound again, and realizing its felicity, I feel it my imperative duty to add my testimony in favor of Dr. Sherman's remedies, and to recommend the ruptured to go to him with the fullest confidence of being benefited.

GEO. E. EAKINGS, 1031 Palmer st. Philadelphia, March 24, 1876.

We cheerfully publish the foregoing communication, believing it may result in benefit to some one. Mr. Eakings is a subscriber to THE SUN and a reliable gentleman. His statement will doubtless reach many sufferers who will turn to our cheering for its truthfulness have cause to feel as grateful toward him as his own feels toward Dr. Sherman.

The foregoing remarks from the New York Sun are sent to those who are ruptured.

The cure is effected by Dr. SHERMAN'S method without any operation, simply by external local applications, both mechanical and medicinal, made daily by the patient, who, while under treatment, can perform any kind of labor, except the most active exercise with great security. From danger of strangulation, rupture, without the suffering and injury caused by the use of trusses, and without interfering with the progress of cure.

Dr. Sherman's office, Park Row, corner Astor street, New York City. Consultation free. Terms moderate. Persons from the country can receive treatment and return for home care. Descriptive book mailed for 10 cents.

(Sud-daw-17)

## NEWSPAPER.

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